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POPULAR SCIENCE.

THE fuel of the living body is food.

SALICYLIC acid is much used in Germany to keep water free from impurities.

A METEOROLOGICAL station is to be established on the celebrated Scottish mountain, Ben Nevis.

THE metals which are found to longest retain heat are brass and copper; next iron, and lastly in order lead.

IN a new electric battery one of the elements is composed of sheet-iron less than the ten-thousandth part of an inch in thickness.

SCIENTISTS have declared that the Blue Hill Range of Massachusetts is older, in a geological point of view, than the Alps or the Pyrenees of Europe.

WATER filtered through charcoal becomes perfectly pure, the charcoal absorbing all disagreeable tastes and smells, whether they arise from animal or vegetable impurities.

THE great glacier which gives rise to the Zarafshan River in Central Asia has been explored and recently described by Mr. Mushketof, a Russian geologist. It is fifteen miles long, and a mile wide.

IT is known as a fact in geology that below the depth of thirty feet the earth becomes regularly warmer as we descend. On an average the increase is at the rate of one degree of Fahrenheit for every fifty feet.

A JOURNEY across Africa from south to north is to be undertaken by Dr. Emil Holub, of Prague, under the auspices of the Vienna Geographical Society. He thinks he can traverse the continent lengthwise in three years.

IN his new scientific treatise on island life, Mr. Alfred R. Wallace, the eminent English naturalist, estimates the period embracing the formation of all the fossil-bearing rocks, since the Cambrain, at twenty-eight millions of years.

A BAVARIAN chemist is reported to have invented an enameling liquid which renders any species of stone or cement harder than granite, and gives it the indelible appearance of any mineral that may be desired.

THE leading peculiarity of rice is the very large proportion of starch and the very small proportion of gluten which it contains, there being but one part of gluten to thirteen parts of starch. In wheat there are two parts of gluten to every nine parts of starch.

SULPHUR of carbon has been used with complete success in France for the purpose of exterminating wasps. A small quantity is introduced into the aperture by which the insects go in and out of their nest, and the result is the immediate destruction of the entire colony. The aperture should be closed after pouring in the liquid or forcing it in with a syringe.

ACCORDING to Dr. Edward Smith, an egg contains 15¼ per cent. of carbon, and 2 per cent. of nitrogen. Another writer estimates that the value of one pound of eggs, as food for sustaining the active forces of the body, is to the value of one pound of lean beef as 1,584 is to 900. As a flesh-producer one pound of eggs is about equal to one pound of beef.

ONE of the leading chemical manufactories of Germany employs six regular chemists with salaries ranging from $1,500 to $2,500 yearly, and in addition engages the services of an eminent chemist for theoretical work exclusively, paying him nearly $10,000 per annum. It is doubtless to this liberal patronage of qualified scientists that the superiority of German chemical manufactures is due.

SOME support to the theory that not the brain alone, but the whole nervous system may really be the seat of the mind, is afforded by Prof. O. C. Marsh's latest researches concerning the extinct reptiles of the Rocky-Mountain region. One mammoth skeleton belonging to a creature which he has named Stegosaurus, must have been clothed with a body as large as that of an alligator, while the brain cavity corresponds in size to that of a dog.

THE sources of petroleum are found in almost every part of the globe, and the use of the article would seem well nigh coeval with civilization. There is a spring in one of the Ionian islands, which has yielded petroleum more than 2,000 years. The city of Genoa was formerly lighted by oil from the wells of Armenia, on the banks of the Zaro. In Persia, also, near the Caspian Sea, at Baku, numerous springs of petroleum have been known from the earliest time; and those of Rangoon, on the Irawaddy, are said to have yielded, before the general introduction of petroleum, some 400,000 hogsheads of oil a year.

Children's Ideas.

The natural philosophy of children is very interesting; they invent just such theories of the universe as the wild nations have, with a sweet unconsciousness that they are originally myths. During a tremendous thunder storm a little fellow of four year old was overheard explaining to another child that lightning was just "red water that runs out of the clouds," and the thunder "the noise it makes when it goes into the ground." He lost his courage concerning thunder in one of the showers, and afterward had to be comforted a little when one occurred. One evening, to calm his apprehensions, his father assured him that the lightening he saw was a great way off, and told him that if it were near, he could hear the thunder at once after the flash, but this time he could notice that there was quite a while between the two. The boy mused over this a little, and then queried:

"Papa, what makes the thunder speak so long after it's got through?"

A question which might be asked of many a public speaker.

He Is an Ass.

If humanity continues as gullible as it has shown itself in the last few years, we shall advocate a new kind of school primer in order that people may learn in their childhood what you can't beat into some of them with a triphammer, even when they are old enough to go to Congress.

One lesson we should advocate having fixed up in something after this style:

"What is three card monte?"

"It is a bad, bad game."

"Who plays three card monte?"

"One man who looks like a farmer. One man who looks like a new-school philosopher."

"Can two play this game?"

"Yes, my child. Even four can play at this game."

"What does the fourth man do?"

"He gets left, my child. He gets badly left. He loses all his money. He pulls his hair and uses wicked words."

"Then the fourth man is an ass for playing."

"He is an ass."—*Wheeling Leader.*

THE better I know men the more I love dogs, is the remark of a cynic.

THEN AND NOW.

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

Dear ancient school boys! Nature taught to them
The simple lessons of the star and flower,
Showed them strange sights; how on a single stem—
Admire the marvels of Creative Power!—
Twin apples grew, one sweet, the other sour.

How from the hill-top where our eyes behold
In even ranks the plumed and bannered maize
Range its long columns, in the days of old
The live volcano shot its angry blaze,—
Dead since the shadows of Noah's watery days.

How, when the lightning split the mighty rock,
The spending fury of the shaft was spent;
How the young scion joined the alien stock,
And when and whence the homeless sparrows went
To pass the winter of their discontent.

Scant were the gleanings in those years of death;
No Cuvier yet had clothed the fossil bones
That slumbered, waiting for their second birth;
No Lyell read the legend of the stones;
Science still pointed to her empty thrones.

Dreaming of orbs to eyes of earth unknown,
Herschel looked heavenward in the starlight pale;
Lost in these awful depths he trod alone,
Explorer stood mate before the fitted sail;
While home-bred Hambolt trimmed his toy-ship's sail.

No mortal feet those loftier heights had gained
Whence the wide realms of nature we descry;
In vain their eyes our longing fathers strained
To scan with wondering gaze the summits high
That far beneath their children's footsteps lie.

Smile at their first small ventures as we may,
The school-boy's copy shapes the scholar's hand,
Their grateful memory fills our hearts to-day;
Brave, hopeful, wise, this bower of peace they planned,
While war's dread plowshare scarred the suffering land.

Child of our children's children yet unborn,
When on this yellow page you turn your eyes,
Where the brief record of this May-day morn
In phase antique and faded letters lies,
How vague, how pale our fitting ghosts will rise!

Yet in our veins the blood ran warm and red,
For us the fields were green, the skies were blue.
Though from our dust the spirit long has fled,
We lived, we loved, we toiled, we dreamed like you,
Smiled at our sires and thought how much we knew.

Oh might our spirits for one hour return,
When the next century rounds its hundreth ring,
All the strange secrets it shall teach to learn,
To hear the large truths its years shall bring,
Its wiser sages talk, its sweeter minstrels sing!

Dr. Jex's Predicament.

It was the funniest thing that I ever saw in my life. Crunkshank would have gloried in it. I wish I had him here to illustrate that scene with the spirited vigor that only his dancing pencil gives.

It was in Kentucky that it happened—that pleasant land of blue-grass, and tobacco, and fine stock, with white-teethed girls. Mabel, my sister, had married Dick Hucklestone, and they had begun life in great contentment and a little three-roomed house scarcely big enough to hold the bridal presents. But they were happy, hearty, healthy. They had two cows, ice-cream every day, a charming baby, and Uncle Brimmer. Who shall say that their cup was not full? Indeed, they thought it full before Uncle Brimmer added himself thereto—a very ponderous rose leaf. He was one of our old family servants, who fondly believed that Miss Mabel and her young husband would never be able to get on without him. He walked all the way from Mississippi to Kentucky, with his shoes tied up in a meal sack, and presented himself before Mabel, announcing affably that he had come to "stay on."

"But I haven't any place for you, Uncle Brimmer," said Mabel, divided between hospitality and embarrassment.

"Lor' honey, you kin jes' tuck me aroun' *anywhar*. I don't take up no room."

Mabel looked thoughtfully upon the big brown gray-whiskered old negro, whose proportions were those of a Hercules, and shook her head. "You are not a Tom Thumb, Uncle Brimmer."

"No, ma'am," said he, submissively, "but I've got his *spirit*. Couldn't I sleep in de kitchen, honey?" he went on, with insinuating sweetness.

"No, indeed," cried our young housekeeper; "I put my foot down on anybody sleeping in the kitchen."

Aunt Patsey, the cook, stood by, balancing a pan of flour on her head, one fat hand on her hip. I suspected her of a personal interest in the matter, and indeed she afterward acknowledged that she thought Uncle Brimmer's coming would prove a "blessin' to her feet." These feet of hers had been saved many steps through the service of her ten-year-old daughter Nancy Palmira Kate—called Nanky Pal, for short. But of late Nanky's services had been called into requisition as a nurse, and Aunt Patsey, who was fat and scant o' breath, thought she had too much to do; and so she viewed with evident delight the stalwart proportions of our good-natured giant from the south.

"Dar's de lof', Miss Mabel," she suggested.

"It is too small, and is cluttered up with things already."

"Oh, sho, chile, dar ain't nothin' in dat lof' 'cep' de 'tatters, an' de peppers, an' de dried apples, an' some strings o' terbacker, an' de broken plow, an' some odds an' ends o' de chillen's, an' Lucy Crittenden's pups. Lor', dar ain't nothin' ter speak of in de lof'."

"He can't get in at the window," said Mabel, shifting her ground.

"Lemme try," said Uncle Brimmer.

The kitchen was a small log-cabin some distance from the house—"in good hollerin' reach," to quote Aunt Patsey. Above it was a low room, or loft, crowded with the miscellaneous articles enumerated. The only way of getting into it was from the outside. A ladder against the side of the cabin admitted one, through a little window, no longer, I am sure, than that of a railway coach, into this storehouse of treasures. Nanky Pal, who was as slim as a snake, was usually selected to fetch and carry through the small aperture. But Uncle Brimmer!

"I'm pretty sho I kin do it," he said, squinting up one eye, as he took off his coat and prepared to try.

We stood in the doorway as he cautiously went up the ladder; and after an exciting moment he pushed himself through the window, and turning, smiled triumphantly.

This settled the matter. A cot bed was procured for Uncle Brimmer, and he soon became the mainstay of the family. Cheerfully avoiding all the work possible; indifferently as an ostrich eating all he could find in cupboards or highways; grimly playing hobgoblin for baby; gayly twanging his banjo on moonlight nights—memory recalls thee with a smile, Uncle Brimmer! I can close my eyes now and recall him, big, shapless, indistinct in the semi-darkness, as he sat under the mulberry-tree, singing,

"Wish I was in Tennessee,
A-settin' in my cheer,
Jug o' whisky by my side,
An' arms aroun' my dear!"

This was his favorite. Who shall doubt that it expressed to him all the poetry, romance, passion, of life?

After a time Uncle Brimmer fell ill, and we sent for a doctor.

Dr. Trattles Jex was the medical man of our county. He lived in Middleburn, seven miles away, and he came trotting over on a great bay horse, with a pair of saddle-bags hanging like Gilpin's bottle's, one on either side. He looked as diminutive as a monkey perched on the tall horse's back, and indeed he was "a wee bit pawky body," as was said of Tommy Moore. But, bless me! he was as pompous and self-important as though he had found the place to stand on, and could move the world with his little lever. A red handkerchief carefully pinned across his chest showed that he had lungs and a mother. His boots were polished to the last degree. His pink and beardless face betrayed his youth; and his voice—ah! his voice! What a treasure it would have been could he have let it out to masqueraders! Whether it was just changing from that of youth to that of man, or whether, like reading and writing, it "came by nature," I can't tell. One instant it was deep and bass, the next, squeaking and soprano. No even tenor about that voice!

He held out his hand, with, "Good-morning, Mrs. Hucklestone. I hope the baby has not had an attack?"

I popped into the dining-room to giggle, but little well-bred Mable did not even smile.

"Oh no," she cried; "it is Uncle Brimmer."

The doctor offered to see him at once. Mabel got up to lead the way. Up to this moment I warrant it had not struck her as anything out of the way that she must invite Dr. Jex to climb a ladder and crawl through a window to get at his patient. But as she looked at him, speckless, spotless, gloved, scented, curled, then at the ladder leaning against the wall in a disreputable, rickety sort of way, a scene of incongruity seemed borne in on her soul. To add to her distress and my hilarity, we saw that Uncle Brimmer had hung out of the window some mysterious under-rigging that he wore. Long, red, and ragged, it "flaunted in the breeze" as picturesquely as the American flag on a Fourth of July.

"I am afraid, doctor, it will be a little awkward," faltered Mabel; "Uncle Brimmer is up there;" and she waved her lily hand.

"An' you'll have to climb de ladder," put in Nanky Pal, with a disrespectful chuckle.

I thought the little doctor gasped; but he recovered himself gallantly, and said:

"As a boy I have climbed trees, and think I can ascend a ladder as a man;" and he smiled heroically.

We watched him. He was encumbered by the saddle-bags, but he managed very well, and had nearly reached the top, when suddenly Uncle Brimmer's head and shoulders protruded, giving him the look of a snail half out of its shell.

"Here's my pulse, doctor," he cried, blandly, extending his bared arm. "Think no place for you up here. An here's my tongue." Then out went his tongue for Dr. Jex's inspection.

The doctor settled himself on a rung of the ladder, quite willing to be met half way. Professional inquiries began, when

"A deep sound struck like a rising knell."

"Good gracious!" exclaimed Mabel; "what is that?"

Nanky Pal sprang up, with distended eyes, almost letting the baby fall.

Again,

"Nearer, clearer, deadlier than before."

"Sakes alive! Miss Mabel," cried Nanky, "ole Mr. Simmon's bull's done broke loose!"

She was right. A moment more, and in rushed the splendid angry beast, bellowing, pawing the ground, shaking his evil lowered head as if the devil were contradicting him.

Dr. Jex turned a sacred face. My lord Bull caught sight of the fluttering red rags, and charged the side of the house. And I give you my word, the next instant the ladder was knocked from under the doctor's feet, and he was clinging frantically round the neck of Uncle Brimmer.

Fearful moment.

"Pull him in, Uncle Brimmer—pull him in," shrieked Mabel, dancing about.

"I can't, honey—I can't," gasped the choking giant; "I'm stuck."

"Hold me up," cried the doctor. "Send for help."

Uncle Brimmer seized him by the armpits. The saddle-bags went clattering down, and about the head of Master Bull a cloud of quinine, calomel, Dover's and divers other powders and pills, broke in blinding confusion.

"Aunt Patsey, go for Mr. Hucklestone at once," called Mabel.

Aunt Patsey looked cautiously out from the kitchen door. "Yer don't ketch me in de yard wid ole Simmons' bull," she said with charming independence.

"Then I shall send Nanky Pal."

"If Nanky Pal goes outen dat house I'll break every bone in her body."

Then Mabel began to beg: "Aunt Patsey, let her go, please. I'll give you a whole bagful of quilt pieces, and my ruby rep polonaise that you begged me for yesterday."

Aunt Patsey's head came out a little further. "An' what else?"

"And a ruffled pillow-sham," said Mabel, almost in tears, "and some white sugar, and I'll make you a hat—and that's all. *Now!*"

"I reckon dat's about as much as the chile is wuth," said the philosophic mother. "Let her go."

"Fly! fly!" cried Mabel.

"I ain't skeered," said Nanky. "I ain't dat sort. Mammy ain't nuthier. She was jes' waitin' ter see how much you'd give."

Nanky's bare legs scudded quickly across the yard. The bull took no notice of her. He was still stamping and bellowing under that window. Uncle Brimmer and the doctor clung together, and only a kick now and then testified to the little man's agony.

"Suppose Uncle Brimmer should let go?" I suggested in a hollow whisper.

"Oh, hush," cried Mabel. "The doctor's blood would be on our heads."

"Or the bull's horns."

It was not far to the tobacco field, and in an incredibly short time brother John came riding in followed by half a dozen stout negroes. With some delightful play that gave one quite an idea of a Spanish bull fight, his lordship was captured, and our little doctor was assisted to the house.

Gone was the glory of Dr. Trattles Jex. His coat was torn, his knees grimy, his hands scratched, and he looked—yes—as if he had been crying.

"Can you ever forgive us?" said Mabel, piteously. She hovered about him like a little mother. She made him drink two glasses of wine; she mended his coat; she asked him if he would not like to kiss the baby. And finally a wan smile shone in the countenance of Dr. Jex. For me, I felt my face purpling, and leaving him to Mabel, I fled with brother John to the smoke-house, where we—roared.

Uncle Brimmer got well and went in to see the doctor. He returned with a new cravat, a cane, and several smart articles of attire, from which we inferred that in those trying moments when he supported the suspended doctor, that little gentleman had offered many inducements for him to hold fast. When questioned he responded chiefly with a cavernous and mysterious smile, only saying:

"Master Dr. Jex is a gentleman; starch in or starch out, he's de gentleman straight."

And brother John, who is somewhat acquainted with slang, said, with a great laugh, "Well, old man, you had a bully chance to judge, so you must be right."—*Harper's Weekly.*

Esquimaux Carpentry.

The builder selects snow of the proper consistency by sounding a drift with a cane made for the purpose, of reindeer-horn, straightened by steaming, and worked down to about half an inch in diameter, with a ferule of walrus tusk or the tooth of a bear on the bottom. By thrusting this into the snow he can tell whether the layers deposited by successive winds are separated by bands of soft snow, which would cause the blocks to break. When the snow is selected he digs a pit to the depth of eighteen inches or two feet, or about the length of the snow block. He then steps into the pit and proceeds to cut out the blocks by first cutting down at the ends of the pit and then at the bottom afterward, cutting a little channel about an inch or two deep, making the thickness of the proposed block.

Now comes the part that requires practice to accomplish successfully. The expert will, with a few thrusts of his knife in just the right places, split off the snow-block and lift it carefully out to await removal to its position on the wall. The tyro will almost inevitably break the block into two or three pieces utterly unfit for the use of the builder. When two men are building an igloo, one cuts the blocks and the other erects the wall. When sufficient blocks have been cut out to commence work with, the builder marks with his eye or perhaps draws a line with his knife describing the circumference of the building, usually a circle about ten or twelve feet in diameter. The first row of blocks is then arranged, the blocks placed so as to incline inward and resting against each other at the ends, thus affording mutual support. When this row is completed, the builder cuts away the first and second blocks, slanting in from the ground upward, so that the second tier, resting upon the first row, can be continued on and around spirally, and by gradually increasing the inward slant a perfect dome is constructed of such strength that the builder can lie flat upon the outside while chinking the interstices between the blocks. The chinking is, however, usually done by women and children as the building progresses, and additional protection secured from the winds in very cold weather by banking up, with a large wooden snow-shovel, the snow at the base often being piled to the depth of three or four feet. This makes the igloo perfectly impervious to the wind in the most tempestuous weather. When the house is completed the builders are walled in. Then a small hole about two feet square is cut in the wall on the side away from where the entrance is to be located and is used to pass in the lamps and bedding. It is then walled up and the regular door cut about two feet high and niched at the top. It would bring bad luck to carry the bedding into the igloo by the same door it would be taken out. Before the door is opened the bed is constructed of snow-blocks, and made from one to three or four feet high, and occupies three-fourths of the entire space. The higher the bed and the lower the door the warmer the igloo will be.—*From an Arctic Explorer's Reminiscences.*

Oyster Dredging.

Consumers of the lucious bivalve have little idea of the hardships which attend the labor of taking oysters from their cosy beds. It would seem that taking one consideration with another, the dredger's life is not a happy one. A Baltimore paper gives the following glimpse of the business:

There is no occupation in the world more laborious or productive of pain than oyster dredging. The brackish waters of the Chesapeake freeze rapidly over all shoals and bays when a cold snap comes. The toils of the dredger then become tortures. The method of taking oysters from the prolific and limitless beds of the Chesapeake is simple. The dredges, which are simply iron bags with a protecting under-scoop attached, are dredged across the oyster beds by the motion of the vessel, and are then hauled up by windlasses. When the dredger is not working at the windlass he is squatted on deck bending over the oyster heaps, culling them out. The shells of the oysters are generally covered with a parasitic growth known as "dog stones." The conglomerated lumps of oyster growth are broken up with hammers; shells, "babies," and refuse are thrown overboard, and the marketable oysters are then run into the hold. As fast as the dredges are emptied on deck their contents must be culled. It is an occupation at best about as interesting as breaking stone. When carried on in a freezing wind, exposed to the frozen spray, with sharp shell edges cutting into sore hands, and grit and mud rubbing into chaps and raw places, it becomes a torture. Hauling at the windlass is only better because more active. The skin sticks to the irons in frosty weather, and the hands stretched down to grasp the icy, dripping dredges often leave blood stains where they touch. For this work the pay ranges from $12 to $20 a month, with food found.

Thus it is that the work of a dredger is looked upon in Maryland as the worst that can fall to the lot of man. The extreme expression of aversion with a bayshore darkey is to say, "I would as lief dredge as do that."

There is a prevalent belief among the colored population that pungy captains kidnap stray darkies who may come into their reach. It certainly is the case that captains make no inquiry as to where their hands come from. Shipping masters get two dollars a piece for them. Many a poor fellow has waked up from a drunken stupor to find, to his horror, that he was down the bay in a pungy. As a rule, windlass hands are the poorest species of tramps. Many of them are picked up from the brickyard hands who flock into town after the brick-making season is over.

FLORIDA is an illustration of what can be done to aid the prosperity of a State where a systematic effort is made for that purpose. Soon after the close of the war special effort was made to advertise the advantages of soil, climate and products of that State, and the result is an increase of 60 per cent. in the population in ten years. There is no State or locality in the Union but what has some interest or advantage for some purpose, and a carefully prepared description of such advantages will be sure to bring its returns.

BRILLIANTS.

A DELICATE thought is a flower of the mind.

IF you believe in evil you have done evil.

THE heart is the first part that quickens, and the last that dies.

HE that despairs, measures Providence by his own little contracted model.

FEAR not the anger of the wise to raise,
Those best can bear reproof who merit praise.
—*Pope.*

TRIALS wear us into a liking of what possibly, in the first essay, displeased us.

Our [illegible] ur shadows,
[illegible] ur sun declines;
GREEN m[illegible] like meteors; they
glitter and [illegible] to frighten the
world.
—*Young: Night Thought's.*

[illegible] is not company, and faces are
no love.
—*Scott.*

SOME through ambition, or thirst of gold,
Have sold their brothers and their country sold.
—*Dryden.*

WE pain as much in avoiding the failings of others as we do in imitating that in which they excel.

OF all the things by which mankind are cursed,
Their own bad tempers surely are the worst.
—*Richard Cumberland.*

THE suggestions of conscience ought in every case to be regarded, not only because they are true, but because they are important.

ALTHOUGH it is dangerous to have too much knowledge of certain subjects, it is still more dangerous to be totally ignorant of them.

EGOTISM falls and is effaced. A few feet under the grounds reigns so profound silence, and yet, so much tumult on the surface.

HE that considers how little he dwells upon the condition of others will learn how little the attention of others is attractelby himself.

OLD age is the night of life, as night is the village of the day. Still, night is full of significance, and for many is more brilliant than day.

A THING of beauty is a joy forever,
Its loveliness increases; it will never
Pass into nothingness.
—*Keats.*

WHIST shame keeps its watch, virtue is not wholly extinguished in the heart, nor will moderation be utterly exiled from the minds of tyrants.

MORE hearts pine away in secret anguishfrom the want of kindness from those who should be their comforts than for any other calamities in life.

A MAN has not time to subdue his passions, establish his soul in virtue, and come up to the perfection of his nature before he is hurried off the stage.

THE cup that is full will hold no more. Keep both the head and heart full of good thoughts, that bad ones may not find room to enter.

BEAUTY, wit, high birth, desert in service;
Love, friendship, charity, are subjects all
To envious and calumniating times.
—*Shakespeare.*

TO spend too much time in studies is sloth; to use them too much for ornament is affectation; to make judgment wholly by their rules is the humor of a scholar.

FONTENELLE daintily compliments the sex when he compares women to clocks—"the latter serve to point one the hours, and the former to make us forget them."

IT is an error of the unlearned to suppose that the knowledge of books is of no account, and an error of scholars to think there is no other knowledge worth having.

FROM the remembrance of our faults we draw the most efficacious counsels, and find the secret of that language which may make them understood by others.

A MEDIOCRITY of fortune, with gentleness of mind, will preserve us from fear and envy, which is a desirable condition, for no man wants power to do mischief.

IT exaltation of the mind can only be produced by what is extraordinary, it is natural that it should be slight in common situations, and pass entirely away by continued experience.

MEN'S thought are much according to their inclinations; their discourses and speeches according to their learning and infused opinions, but their deeds are often as they have been accustomed.

A Story of Tom Ochiltree.

Jem Mace, the celebrated prize-fighter, once spent a winter in New Orleans. He used to amuse himself and his admirers by betting the drinks with them that they could not hit him—they to do their best to hit him, and he simply to ward off the blows. Tom Ochiltree, of Texas, who has gained considerable reputation from his intimacy with General Grant, and perhaps even more reputation from his fast running horse which was named after him, happened to be in New Orleans during the winter. Some of Ochiltree's friends told him of Mace's favorite bet. Ochiltree is a short, thick-set, powerfully-built man. His hair is just red enough to indicate a fiery temper. As soon as he was told of Mace's bet he fired up and said he would bet the crowd a champagne supper that he could hit Jem Mace. The bet, of course, was taken at once, and the whole party started out in search of Mace. He was easily found in a neighboring drinking saloon. Mace was standing at the bar in the act of taking a drink. Ochiltree stepped quietly up beside him, and hit him suddenly a stinging blow on the cheek. Mace quietly placed his glass on the bar, and, scarcely moving his body, brought his right hand up and struck Ochiltree a fearful blow just under one ear. His friends rushed to him, gathered him up, and carried him to the nearest hotel. Doctors were sent for in a great hurry, and after two or three hours of hard work they succeeded in bringing Ochiltree back to this earth. He was confined to his room in the hotel for three weeks, however. When he finally reappeared he was forced to furnish the champagne supper. Some of his friends said to him: "What in the world made you such a blanked fool as to hit Jem Mace?" "Why," said Ochiltree, "I thought I would just tap him without his knowledge and would then explain to him."

Foote and Jemmy Wright.

Passing one day near the now demolished King's Bench prison, Foote observed a small barber's shop, the broken windows of which were mended with paper bearing the legend, "Shave for a penny." Over the door were the lines:

"Here lives Jemmy Wright,
Shaves as well as any man in England,
Almost—not quite."

And thinking to obtain some fun from the author of these inscriptions, whom he justly concluded to be an odd fellow, he pulled off his hat, and thrusting his head through a paper pane, called out, "Is Jemmy Wright at home?" The barber immediately thrust his head through another pane and replied, "No sir, he has just popped out." Foote laughed heartily, and gave the man a guinea.

Ben Mildweed's Idea.

A man named Ben Mildweed walked into the office of a Justice of the Peace, in Little Rock, and, taking off an old slouch hat, addressed the dignified official:

"Are you the court?"

"I am. What is your trouble?" Ben betrayed agitation in the nervous manner with which he fingered his old hat.

"Jedge, Nancy, my gal, hez bin running around with two or three men lately, and hez caused me a heap of oneasiness."

"Come to the point, Mr. Mildweed," suggested the court.

"You hear my story, Jedge. I'm sot in my ways, and I'll got thar quicker by running my own furrow down this patch of trouble."

The Justice settled his feet comfortably on the table, and looked resignedly at Mr. Mildweed, who continued:

"Nancy is a [illegible] gal in the woods, and we hez hitched for three ye'rs, not spliced, you know, but waitin' for me to buy a little home. The men down to the settlement are jealous because Nancy set up to me, and they hang 'round like blackbirds in a corn-patch." Ben hitched up his pants and seemed reluctant to continue. "Now, Nancy is a good gal, and her black eyes has fotched me, like churnin' fotches butter, an' she ken make me a good man or a bad man for her sake. But, Jedge, she knows it, and laughs and carries on with Bill Peters when I'm 'round. She goes to camp-meetin' with Hez Spilkins, when I have told her a hundred times that he was a low-flung fellow, and she aggravates me terrible."

"Come to the point, Ben," said the Court impatiently, lifting one leg over the other.

"I'm gettin' thar, your honor. Now, old Uncle Marsh Turner and I have talked this matter over, and he sez that Nancy hesn't any attachment for me. Thet like to broke my heart, Jedge, I'll swow it did. Ses Uncle Marsh, 'Ben' ses he, 'hev you got an attachment fer Nancy?' 'Yes, Uncle Marsh,' ses I, 'most powerful.' 'Hez she fer you?' ses he. 'I'm dubious, uncle,' ses I. 'Ben,' ses he, solemnly, 'of she can't luv you with her whole hart, drap her like a hot cake. If she hesn't an attachment fer you thet is strong, and true, and honest, drop her. You'll be mis'able, boy. I'm an old man, Ben, and when I sees a young man hev an attachment fer a gal, and she hesn't fer him as strong, I says to myself, they is foolish. They hadn't ought to splice.'"

"Your honor," continued Mr. Mildweed, "arter Uncle Marsh ses all this to me, I goes off and thinks. I concludes that he is right, and now I hev come to the point. I saddled the old brown mare, and put some bacon and corn-bread in the saddle-bags, and started for Little Rock. I comes straight to you, Jedge, and I want you to make out an attachment fer Nancy to me. I knows that the courts can make attachments, and I don't care what it costs. Jest you make out the papers, and I'll make the old brown mare do some of the tallest traveling gettin' back to Nancy thet you ever saw. Well, why don't you begin, Jedge?"

"The courts don't make love attachments," said the Court, taking its legs from the table.

"I don't care what it costs, Jedge."

"You have had a long trip for nothing, Ben; it can't be done."

Ben pulled his hat over his eyes, wiped a trickling drop from his cheek, and walked slowly toward the door, muttering:

"I'll go hev the brown mare fed and study about it. I thought as how the court mought have done it," and then he stepped from the Justice's door as if Nancy was lost to him forever.—*Little Rock Gazette.*

Charcoal.

If we wish for some substance which will catch fire from the smallest spark, we find that among thousands of bodies, simple and compound, that exist in nature or are produced by art, the most suitable for our purpose is pure carbon in the form of tinder. On the other hand, when we want a crucible that will bear without taking fire the flame of the hottest furnace, we make it of pure carbon in the form of plumbago.

The wax mold of the electroplater is a non-conductor of electricity, and it is, therefore, necessary to cover its surface with some good conducting material; it is found that the best material is finely-pulverized plumbago; but this same element, when crystalized, as in the diamond, is the most perfect of all non-conductors.

Carbon, in one state, is as soft as lampblack, in another it is the very hardest substance known; in one it is brilliantly transparent, in another it is perfectly opaque; in one it is the most costly ornament in the crowns of Kings, in another it is shoveled out of the way as worthless.

In all these changes in the condition and properties of carbon no law can be discovered, with the single exception that the temperature at which various kinds of charcoal will take fire are in fixed relation to the temperature at which the several kinds are prepared. This is of the utmost importance to the manufacture of gun powder; they have caused it to be investigated with great care.—*Monthly Magazine, London.*

The Difference.

Tennyson can take a worthless sheet of paper and, by writing a poem on it, make it worth $5,000. That's Genius. Mr. Vanderbilt can write fewer words on a similar sheet and make it worth $50,000,000. That's Capital. And the United States can take an ounce and a quarter of gold and stamp upon it an "Eagle-bird" and "Twenty Dollars." That's Money. The mechanic can take the material worth fifty dollars and make it into a watch worth $100. That's Skill. The merchant can take an article worth twenty-five cents and sell it to you for $100. That's Busines. A lady can purchase a comfortable bonnet for ten dollars, but prefers to pay $100 for one, because it is more stylish. That's Foolishness. The ditch-digger works ten hours a day, and shovels out three or four tons of earth for one dollar. That's Labor.—*Richmond State.*

Beneficial Effect of Vexation.

A French paper mentions the following as a fact: "A shoeing smith, residing in the Rue Princesse, who had been for some time partially deprived of the use of his legs by rheumatism, perceived that some thief had taken away a number of horse-shoes. He was so excited by this discovery that a profuse perspiration burst out all over him, which to his amazement, had the effect of restoring the use of his legs, and the first use he made of his recovered powers was to walk to the commissary of police to make a declaration of the theft."

A CLERGYMAN, meeting an inebriated neighbor, exclaimed, "Drunk again, Wilkins!" to which Wilkins, in a semi-confidential tone, responded, "Sho am I, parson!"

THE TEACHER'S LOT.

A Collection of Quotations Upon the Anxieties and Tribulations of Teaching.

Teacher—"And the Lord said unto Moses"—Maggie Ford, put down that slate!"

Delightful task! to rear the tender thought,
To teach the young idea how to shoot
—*Thomson's "Spring."*

To sentence a man of true genius to the drudgery of a school is to put a race-horse in a mill.—*Colton.*

Taught or untaught the dunce is still the same;
Yet still the wretched master bears the blame.
—*Dryden.*

The schoolmaster is apt to be a favorite with the female part of creation, especially in the rural districts.—*Irving.*

Uneasy lie the heads of all who rule;
The most so of those whose kingdom is a school.
—*O. W. Holmes.*

I can easily teach twenty what were good to be done than be one of the twenty to follow mine own teaching.—*Shakspeare.*

Came the Preceptor, grazing idly round,
Now at the cloth an I now at the green grass,
And all absorbed in reverie profound
Of fair Alnatra in the upper class.
—*Longfellow.*

Worried and tormented into monotonous feeblness, the best part of life ground out of him in a mill of boys.—*Dickens.*

She dwells by great Keshawa's side,
In valleys green and cool,
And all her hope and all her pride
Are in her village school.
—*Longfellow.*

If a student convince you that you are wrong and he is right, acknowledge it cheerfully, and—hug him.—*Emerson.*

The twig is easily bended,
I have furnished the rule and the rod;
I have taught them the goodness of knowledge,
They have taught me the goodness of God.
—*Charles Dickinson.*

If vexed with a child when instructing it, try to write with your left hand. Remember a child is all left hand.—*J. F. Boyce.*

To rear, to teach,
Becoming as it meet and fit,
A link among the days to knit
The generations each with each.
—*Tennyson.*

What comfort some pedagogues might derive from the thought that wise pupils can learn as much from a fool as from a philosopher.—*Vedder.*

Instructors should not only be skillful in those sciences which they teach, but have skill in the method of teaching and patience in the practice.—*Dr. Watts.*

And when the world shall link your names
With gracious lives and manners fine,
The teacher shall assert her claims,
And proudly whisper, "These are mine!"
—*Whittier.*

The eminences of their scholars commend the memories of schoolmasters to posterity, who otherwise, in obscurity, had been altogether forgotten.—*Thomas Fuller.*

Pretty were the sight
If our old halls could change their sex, and flaunt
With prudes for proctors, dowagers for deans,
And sweet girl-graduates in their golden hair.
—*Tennyson.*

Every man who has kept a skool for ten years ought to be made a Major General, and have a penshun for the rest of his natural days, and a hoss and wagon to do his going around in.—*Josh Billings.*

O'er wayward childhood wouldst thou hold firm rule,
And sun thee in the light of happy faces;
Love, Hope, and Patience—these must be thy graces,
And in thine own heart let them first keep school.
—*Coleridge.*

One-half of the children cried in chorus, "Yes, sir!" Upon which the other half, seeing in the gentleman's face that yes was wrong, cried out in chorus, "No, sir!" as the custom is in these examinations.—*Dickens.*

And while a paltry stipend earning,
He sows the thistle seeds of learning;
No joys, alas! his toil beguile,
His mind lies fallow all the while
—*Robert Lloyd.*

Still to be pinioned down to teach
The Syntax and the Parts of Speech,
Or deal out authors by retail,
Like penny pots of Oxford ale;
O 'tis a service irksome more
Than tugging at the slavish oar.
—*Robert Lloyd.*

A Family Affair.

The Kaffirs hold the doctrine of the transmigration of souls, and pay the spirits of their relatives the doubtful compliment of believing that they have a special affinity for snakes and serpents. So, when some venomous reptile takes up its quarters with a family, in place of killing it, they abandon the hut to its use. Dr. Norbury tells a story of a missionary who came near to paying with his life for the delicate consideration of his flock. While officiating at the communion table he fancied he heard a hissing sound. Bringing the service prematurely to a close, he peeped below the cloth, and saw one of the most poisonous snakes in South Africa. His parishoners had had their eyes upon it all the time, but had declined to say anything, from motives of delicacy. They thought the snake must be a relative of the clergyman, and would not interfere in a family affair.

The Utilizing of the Tide.

A Philadelphia engineer has invented, it is claimed, a machine by which the power of the tides can be utilized. Numerous plans have been proposed for the accomplishment of this most desirable end, but only under exceptional conditions have they been practical or economical. If the new device can harness the tide in an open channel, so as to convert any considerable portion of the vast power into working force, the inventor will rank among the great benfactors of humanity. Emerson says somewhere: Hitch your wagon to a star. A device for utilizing mechanically the fresh tides, as they sweep along our shores, would come next to that, since it would enable us, through converters and carriers of electricity, to hitch our wagons to the sun and moon.

A CRETACEOUS chalk, which the natives carves into grotesque figures of men and animals, occurs on the Polynesian islands of New Britain and New Ireland (about latitude four degrees south, longitude 130 degrees east), and some specimens have been sent to England by the Rev. G. Brown, a Wesleyan missionary to that region. "The chalk of which the figures are formed," he writes "is, I am informed, found only on the beech after an earthquake, being cast up there in